

# St. Tammany's Magazine.

No. 3.]

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 27, 1821.

[Price 12½ cts.]

## THE PRUSSIAN SOLDIER.

A STORY.

THERE is a certain principle of *obscurity*, that accommodates the events in history and tradition, and the half-remembered transactions of childhood, to the poet's lyre. Too much truth seems to blight the aspirations of fancy: facts must be remodelled in the cast of the imagination, before they can partake of the sublimity of fiction.

Our own country abounds with incidents, as well traditionally as recorded, that are continually soliciting the mind of fancy to describe them; and even the events and the agents in our revolutionary struggle, have already put on an autumnal character—fast fading from our remembrance; and in proportion as they cease to be familiar, do they increase in dignity and importance. The actors of that glorious epoch are, one after another, stealing silently to the grave; and, in a few years, not an eye-witness will be left to the declaration of independence, or to the retreat of our desponding forces across the Delaware! How much cherished and venerated will be, in a little time, the solitary individual who shall survive his compatriot witnesses of those great events! The soldier who fought at Breed's Hill, or at Saratoga, will be honoured by posterity as the patriarch of the republic!—Among those who have departed, and even among the broken down, hopeless relics of the army, there was much to arrest the imagination, and to delight the mind in retrospect. I remember, when a child, to have had my attention attracted toward several of these forlorn pilgrims to eternity, who have now sunk into the tomb forgotten: many of them bore the scars of the great cause, to remind their country, that they had deserved well of the bounties she might be disposed to bestow on them. It is the fate of war to make many beggars among those enlisted under her banner, and for thirty years after the revolution the maimed soldier was the most common subject of charity that asked a pittance at your door. Hundreds of foreigners, that had either become connected with our army by the chances of war, or had been left behind on the evacuation of the British troops, were to be seen, strolling through the villages of the interior, in wretchedness, incapable of imitating the natives in returning from the tented field to the pursuits of agriculture, or of relinquishing the habits of the soldier for the toils of the woodman. There was, in my childhood, among these unhappy sufferers, a man called by the villagers, and known among the children of the neighbourhood—(and children,

from whatever cause, seem ever to take deepest interest in such matters,) by the name of Philip, the Prussian. He had been attached to the Hessian mercenaries sent out here to aid in subjugating the colonies, and after the memorable slaughter at *Red-bank*, had deserted to the American camp. On the termination of the war, he wandered about the villages of New-England; and, although he received at every door he knocked at, a hearty welcome, and a generous supply to his wants, Philip was never known to ask either. For more than twenty years, he marched his regular rounds through half a dozen towns in Connecticut, and as regularly as day succeeded to night, was his pack thrown over his shoulders to renew his unwearied marchings, and ever-constant visitings. The houses of officers under whom he had served, were the places of his resort, where he enjoyed something like what the ancient feudatories in Europe partook, under the roof of their liege lords: For military government is completely despotic, and the soldier, on being disbanded, could entertain no other feelings toward his former commander, than those of a vassal toward his superior. I can, even now, seem to see the little soldier trudging along the highway, with hasty step, and bending head, with no other companion than his pipe, and his oaken staff. There was not a child to whom he was not known, as well on account of the singularity of his appearance, as by the kindness of his demeanour. Partial to his former pursuits, perhaps from their having formed the profession of his youth, he still wore the remnant of his military uniform—an hussar coat, and the remains of a cap, that had once been surmounted with bear-skin, projecting its front piece over his small, animated grey eyes, and shaggy brows. His wallet, which had once been a soldier's knapsack, was attached, in a manner peculiar to himself, to his forehead. His pipe, constantly in his mouth, vomited forth clouds of smoke; and, when he would renew its fuel, he paused under the shade of the wide-spreading oaks, by the road side, and if occasion demanded rest to his wearied limbs, he stretched himself to repose beneath their canopy.

In the early settlement of New-England, certain trees distinguished by their size and beauty were reserved from the general destruction of the forest for land-marks, and expositors of boundaries. In the scene of poor Philip's wanderings, there were many of these venerable trees, stretching their wide-extended arms over the roads, and inviting to repose the traveller and pilgrim.

One of the solitary survivors of the woods, which had reigned with its progenitors for centuries—aye, many centuries, in undisturbed dominion of the soil—spread its exuberant foliage on every side, at the corner of two roads: its branches stretching forth from the parent trunk in every direction, like radii from a common centre. Here the remnant of the Indian tribes, which dwelt in the neighbourhood, were accustomed, when passing on their hunting excursions from the valleys of the south to the wilds of the north, to repose themselves in the shade,—perhaps through a secret sympathy springing from similarity of fortune. This venerable survivor of the ancient forest, has long since shared the fate of its youthful contemporaries: but, even now, it is no uncommon spectacle, to witness the Indians slumbering upon the green carpet, by the remains of the old oak's trunk!—Here, too, the little Prussian soldier was accustomed to refresh himself, after a toilsome march beneath a summer's sun. How often have I crept behind the wall, screened from the traveller's view, and peeped through the crevices to see him light his pipe, with his magical flint and steel! and listened to his tremulous voice, as he sang in solitude some martial air in his native tongue, perhaps revolving on the incidents of infancy! Poor Philip! he has long since rejoined the companions of his childhood! His head, whitened with the frosts of seventy winters, and bowed down with the toils of war, has long since reposed, for the last time, on the lap of his parent earth!

Whether his adopted country provided for his maintenance, I know not: but his military habits would not have permitted him to be stationary, had he been blessed with a place where to lay his head; at least in summer,—and, perhaps, the same habits reconciled him to the confinement of winter. But, so soon as the ice dissolved before the returning sun, and the cowslip put forth its blossoms by the streamlet's side, the little soldier renewed his journeying campaign, and was hailed by the villagers as the harbinger of spring! That spring at last, returning for the twentieth time, since he commenced his solitary wanderings, brought with it poor Philip no more!

#### NEGRO MELODIES—Nos. I & II.

##### SONG OF AN OBEAH PRIESTESS.

Where Niger rolls his mighty wave,  
O'er jasper rocks and coral trees,  
Their shoots where tuneful osiers lave,  
Bending symphonious to the breeze;  
Where, 'mid the scented groves around,  
The ananas' golden apples grow,  
A jet-black, pigmy race is found,  
Whose power all Afric's children know.\*

\* Herodotus mentions such a people.

Reflected in the chrystal tide,  
Their fairy city hangs beneath;  
Since first its battlements were spied,  
Three thousand years have slept in death.  
A giantess among them all,  
To me their charms and spells were given;  
And I can summon to my call  
The powers of ocean, earth, and heaven.  
I know the spirit, at its source,  
Who pours out Niger's mighty urn;  
And at my bidding, in its course,  
He bids the reffluent wave return.  
I can control the giant black,  
Who sways the wild tornado's ire;  
The yellow fiend, along his track,  
Who sheds disease's withering fire.  
I know the monster fell who rides  
The desert wind's o'erwhelming wings;  
I know the taunting sprite who guides  
Through burning sands to fleeting springs.  
Down in the chambers of the deep,  
Where the sea-cow her pasture finds;  
I know what mystic secrets sleep,  
What spells the seaman's tyrant binds.  
I know each shell whose music slumbers,\*  
And of their notes the wondrous key,  
Which, or to bland, or wrathful numbers,  
Unlocks the varied melody.  
This spreads unbroken calm around,  
As marble smooth shall ocean lie;  
And this shall churn its depths profound,  
Until its mountains lick the sky.  
The gaunt Hyena on I goad,  
The ravening lion forth I send,  
I give new venom to the toad,  
The adder's paunch new poison lend.  
Lamb-like I bid the tiger risk,  
The crocodile weep mercy's tears;  
Dove-like the eye of basilisk,  
Bound by my master spells, appears.  
To basest earth and stubborn stone  
The sympathies of life I give;  
Pining in marrow, blood, and bone,  
The victim dare not hope to live.  
Thus feathered through the night I've sped,  
On Atlas' loftiest peak I stood;  
I saw the moon turn crimson red,  
I saw the stars sweat showers of blood.  
I call up dead men from their graves;  
I cleave the earth with chant prolix;  
The sun's fierce orb, the ocean caves,  
My double balls of sight transfix.†

\* Alluding to marine productions in the West Indies, having on them the semblance of musical notes. See Moore's Ode to the genius of Harmony.

† Alluding to the setting of Obi.

‡ The last two verses are translated from Ovid's Elegies.

##### SETTING OBI.

By my league with Obi made,  
By the spells that I have said,  
By the virtues of this ball,  
(Hear me each, and hear me all!)  
Now unto his effigy,  
Linked the traitor's life shall be.

Shine, O Sun! shine fierce and hot!  
Let the image melt and rot!

Slow complete the traitor's doom,  
Let his sapless flesh consume !  
Be his liver scorched and dry !  
Let his marrow burn and fry !

Fire his brain, and freeze his heart !  
Let all hope at once depart !  
Sullen, slow, be his despair !  
While his limbs away shall wear,  
Let him, from each sunken eye,  
Death's advancing course descri !

Let him gnaw the earth for food !  
Drink the dead dog's putrid blood !  
In each socket's scalding sphere,  
Dry up, e'er it gush, the tear.

Be the wings of sleep forbid  
E'er to brush his leaden lid.

When the damps of death begin,  
When his bones stand through his skin,  
When the last beam in his eye  
Glares and flashes fitfully,  
Hither, drag his wasted limbs,  
There, direct those wandering beams

When the last drop of that ball  
Molten upon earth shall fall,  
Then his latest sand is run,  
Then the charm, the work is done ;  
And, for treasons black and foul,  
Answers then the traitor's soul !

## Balaam.

The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath,  
And these are of them.....*Shakspeare.*

### THE OCEAN OF NONSENSE,

*By Jehu O' Cataract, Author of the Battle of Niagara.*

A misty dream—and a flashy maze—  
Of a sunshiny flush—and a moonshiny haze !  
I lay asleep with my eyes open wide,  
When a donkey came to my bed side,  
And bade me forth to take a ride.  
It was not a donkey of vulgar breed,  
But a cloudy vision—a night-mare steed !  
His ears were abroad like a warrior's plume,—  
From the bosom of darkness was borrowed the gloom  
Of his dark, dark hide, and his coal black hair,  
But his eyes like no earthly eyes they were !  
Like the fields of heaven where none can see  
The depths of their blue eternity !  
Like the crest of a helmet taught proudly to nod  
And wave like a meteor's train abroad,  
Was the long, long tail, that glorified  
The glorious donkey's hinder side !  
And his gait description's power surpasses—  
'Twas the beau ideal of all jack-asses.

I strode o'er his back, and he took in his wind—  
And he pranced before—and he kicked behind—  
And he gave a snort, as when mutterings roll  
Abroad from pole to answering pole—  
While the storm-king sits on the hail-cloud's back—  
And amuses himself with the thunder-crack !  
Then off he went, like a bird with red wings  
That builds her nest where the cliff-flower springs—  
Like a cloudy steed by the light of the moon,  
When the night's muffled horn plays a windy tune ;  
And away I went, while my garment flew  
Forth on the night breeze, with a snow-shiny hue—  
Like a streak of white foam on a sea of blue.  
Up-bristled then the night-charger's hair too,  
Like a bayonet grove, at a shoulder-hoo !

Hurra ! hurra ! what a hurry we made !  
My hairs rose too, but I was not afraid ;

Like a stand of pikes they stood up all  
Each eye stood out like a cannon ball ;  
So rapt I looked, like the god of song,  
As I shot and whizzed like a rocket along.  
Thus thro' the trough of the air as we dash'd,  
Goodly and glorious visions flash'd  
Before my sight with a flashing and sparkling,  
In whose blaze all earthly gems are darkling.  
As the gushes of morning, the trappings of eve,  
Or the myriad lights that will dance when you give  
Yourself a clout on the orb of sight,  
And see long ribbons of rainbow light ;  
Such were the splendours, and so divine,  
So rosy and starry, and fiery, and fine.

Then eagle ! then stars ! and then rainbows !  
and all  
That I saw at Niagara's tumbling fall,  
Where I sung so divinely, of them and their glories  
While mewed in vile durance, and kept by the tories.  
Where the red cross flag was abroad on the blast,  
I sat very mournful, but not downcast.  
My harp on the willows I did not hang up,  
Nor the winglets of fancy were suffered to droop,—  
But I soared, and I swooped, like a bird with red wings,  
Who mounts to the cloud-god, and soaringly sings.

But the phantom-steed in his whirlwind course,  
Gallopped along like Belzebub's horse,  
Till we came to a bank, dark, craggy, and wild,  
Where no rock-flowers blushed, no verdure smiled—  
But sparse from the thunder cliffs bleak and bare,—  
Black weeds hung dripping forth in the air—  
Like the plumage of ravens that warrior helms wear.  
And below very far was a gulf profound,  
Where tumbling and rumbling, at distance re-sound



Billowy clouds—o'er whose bottomless bed  
The curtain of night its volumes spread—  
But a rushing of fire was revealing the gloom,  
Where convulsions had birth, and the thunders  
a home.

You may put out the eyes of the sun at mid-  
day—  
You may hold a young cherubim fast by the  
tail—  
You may steal from night's angel his blanket  
away—  
Or the song of the bard at its flood-tide may  
stay—  
But that cloud-phantom donkey to stop you  
would fail!

He plunged in the gulph—'twas a great way to  
go,  
E'er we lit mid the darkness and flashings below;  
And I looked—as I hung o'er that sulphurous  
light—  
Like a warrior of flame '—on a courser of night!  
But what I beheld in that dark ocean's roar,  
I have partly described in a poem before,

And the rest I reserve for a measure more strong,  
When my heart shall be heaving, and bursting  
with song!

But I saw as he sailed 'mid the dusky air,  
A bird that I thought I knew every where.  
A fierce grey bird with a terrible beak,  
With a glittering eye, and peculiar shriek.  
'Proud Bird of the Cliff!' I addressed him  
then—  
'How my heart swells high thus to meet thee  
again!  
Thou whose bare bosom for rest is laid  
On pillows of night by the thunder-cloud made!  
With a rushing of wings and a screaming of praise  
Who in ecstasy soar'st in the red-hot blaze!  
Who dancest in heaven to the song of the trump,  
To the life's acclaim, and base-drum's thump!  
Whence com'st thou,' I cried, 'and goest whi-  
ther?'  
As I gently detained him by his tail-feather.  
He replied, 'Mr. Neale! Mr. Neale, let me loose!  
I am not an eagle, but only a goose!—  
Your optics are weak, and the weather is hazy—  
And excuse the remark, but I think you are  
crazy.'

## Select.

### BLUES AND ANTI-BLUES.

It is no wonder that the world is full of pa-  
radox, extravagance, and morbid feeling, con-  
sidering how much the tone of society runs  
counter to the natural habits of the greater  
part of its members. This is a thinking age;  
but we must beware of argument:—a reading  
age; but the stigma of *blue* hangs in *terrorem*  
over our heads, to fright us from treating of  
those objects which are uppermost and fami-  
liar. For such as us, whose busy hours are  
spent among books and their mighty parents,  
society has become a dead letter. The name  
of aught that sounds like a book, except it be  
a brief judgment on the new play, is shunned,  
as though each word tattooed the hearers with  
indigo;—of the Arts no one knows any thing,  
not even the professors; and of Music all  
know too much; yet, for these very reasons,  
they are the best possible conversation-topics.  
Thought, sense, or reason, would be thrown  
away on them; and the best way to hit the  
mark, is to shoot at random. Remarks are  
nothing, unless *out o' the way*, and all the better  
for being unintelligible. Yet, to be *au fait* at  
nonsense, is no easy matter. To be a good  
trifler, requires an apprenticeship, as well as  
to be a good weaver; and books are not the  
way to become free of either craft. But let  
them have their share, and let us not hold them  
up as scarecrows, to put to flight good-fellow-  
ship and gaiety.

The most amiable and elegant females on  
the tablets of our memory were *blues*; they  
filled up their leisure hours with books, and  
were not ashamed of them,—did not hide them  
under the sofa-cushions at the approach of vi-  
sitors. They had modesty, but it was of that

healthy kind which never shunned, because it  
could not catch a stain. It was not of that  
sickly and fashionable cast, which is always in  
suspense whether it should blush or not—  
which one moment shrinks with horror from  
the distant allusions of Don Juan, and the next  
stands gazing at the most licentious concep-  
tions of the artist—which, in short, will not  
glance at a doubtful picture, but has no objec-  
tion to any opera or exhibition. This was not  
their modesty, and their taste was equally fo-  
reign to etiquette. If they happened to have  
perused a volume that filled them with delight,  
that delight overflowed, and they were the ar-  
rantest and loveliest *blues* that ever prattled.  
Their 'look at this,' and 'look at that,' so na-  
tural and vivacious, the world set down as af-  
fected and stupid. But their spirits were too  
buoyant to be weighed down by such censure  
—too downy to be pierced by the shafts of ri-  
dicule. They have fulfilled their calling—  
surrounded by a happy family, their husbands  
have not found them less domestic, or less ten-  
der-hearted, for having extended their acquire-  
ments. And I find, that they alone among the  
"old familiar faces" have preserved in age  
the warm feelings of youth: love with them  
has not passed into a name, or romance into a  
shadow; their spirits have ever bathed and  
been renewed in the springs of poetry and ge-  
nius; and thus it is, that my\* *blue* friends pos-  
sess a green heart with a grey head.

But really this war of nick-names is most

\* An Irish gentleman being asked by a stranger the meaning of *blue*, which he heard so constantly applied, the answer was, 'that *blue*, applied to gen-  
tlemen, signified *orange*, to females it signified *deep-red*.'

unfair. The gay and idle, when they were the most numerous and predominant, cried "Pendant" to the learned, lest the sons of knowledge should be too much for them. And now that letters and their votaries have overthrown their ignorant adversaries, they are themselves troubled with a meaner jealousy—a reading petticoat shakes their newly-erected throne, and lo! they hasten to defend it with that powerful weapon of fishwomen and schoolboys, and cry, in the fearful tone of Macbeth,

"There's blue upon thy stocking."

No marvel, if they frighten poor gentlewomen. Papa says, they must read, and improve their understandings. The beaux roar vengeance if they talk *blue*. Both are to be obeyed, and the ladies become cyphers.

G. and her sister are the very antipodes of *bluism*; and though they read really more than any of their acquaintance, the very mention of a book seems as if it would choke them. It is amusing malice to start a subject of the kind before them, and see the evasions and pretended ignorance with which they endeavour to be rid of it. Wo to the wight, that knowingly transgresses, if he have any horror of frowns and sour faces. The stranger who sins through ignorance, always receives the same ready answer, "Is it good?—No, I haven't seen it;" and off goes the conversation into another channel. Books, however, are revenged of them, even while there is the greatest struggle to conceal that they hold any converse with such musty companions. Opinions "cut and dry" escape every moment; and it is surprising, really surprising, how their feelings agree with the last review, whose cover never profaned their eyes. Did they talk openly and discuss unconstrainedly books as well as other things, the acute spirit of conversation alone would strike out original opinions and ideas, even if they never arrived at such a trouble as thought. But all such avenues to good sense are closed: the hours of study, of conversation, and of complete leisure, are distinct—each season dedicated to itself. They do not aid one another, and being disunited, produce nothing. Between them the mind is disorganized and distracted; all the faculties frittered away, and all humours blended into insipidity. There is neither the sense of the thoughtful, nor the vivacity of the thoughtless; their seriousness is trifling, and their trifling seriousness. In short, they are neither "fish nor flesh, nor good red herring."

A downright reading lady is certainly a bore; yet she is something—an entity, which dull propriety is not. If a person will be but patient, and indulge her innocent humour, when the top of the cask runs off, there will be much worth coming at. And even the ridiculous part of the character is more in the name and cant of vituperation, than in any thing else. The *anti-blue* has double the quantity of pre-

tence and vanity. The greatest of affectations is that of good sense—the affectation of being deep or well-read, amounts not to one quarter of the self-importance of being sensible. We all fish for the good opinions of each other,—some openly, some underhand. And I, for my part, am as willing to give my share to the person who stretches the hand out for it, as to the one who in sullen and coquettish pride awaits my proffer. What half the world calls affectation, is the most unsophisticated nature—the unrestrained indulgence of natural humour—the form in which the sapling shoots; it must be warped and bandaged to accurate straightness. The *το πικρον*—the acme of propriety—is the highest possible point of artificiality. If you be sceptical, reader, I appeal to your dancing-master, whoever he may be, to bear me out.

But all the old saws and philippics against learned ladies have become stale and invalid. There is no longer a chasm between learning and life—the essayists of the last century flung a bridge over it. The most abstract speculations, the most insignificant customs, were equal and welcome to them. All topics became blended, known, and discussed. The domain of knowledge was unenclosed,—thrown into a common, and now the tripping step of the fair may as well stray over it as the dull plod of the university professor. The world and books are no longer at variance,—they are one and the same thing, and there is not to be found between them that antithesis, which has been so much harped upon in the common-places of moral sentimentalists. A library is now a school of the world. And although there never were displayed more originality and liberty of opinion, yet it is not exclusive or pedantic; it is set in the key of human nature, and springs from the common source of vulgar and sound feeling. It is a complaint, that the world has grown tame, and hath a void in it; that it wants the marvels, the adventures, "the moving accidents by flood and field," the prominent ruggedness of character, and the strained heights of enthusiasm which it used to have. It is true, the workings of the mind are not now displayed in action,—we have too much an eye upon one another;—the sneer of the satirist has become more powerful than the lance of the champion. The objects of excitement have been transferred from the highway to the page: it is no longer to the breathless and open-mouthed story-teller that we listen, who had seen all with his own eyes; we must gather tidings from the formal page, and through it alone are conveyed the objects, feelings, and emotions, which we used to catch from the living scene of life. Hence print has become part of our existence—has superseded vulgar sight and fame; like to the air we breathe, it is the medium through which we receive sound and light, every idea, and every

feeling,—beyond whose influence we cannot get, and could not live.

To exclude the sex from books in early days was nothing, the volume of life was ample and open; but such a prohibition at this time of day is putting out a sixth sense,—depriving the mind of all knowledge and discernment. People used formerly to write with their pens, but now they talk with them. I have myself sat surrounded with the publications of the day,—dipping into them all, till I have imagined a thousand pens wagging like tongues, scolding, flattering, soliloquizing, dealing out lies, puns, and stories, so volubly, that I have been stunned with the imaginary noise, as though the apartment were a Babel. And are not women at home,—quite in their proper sphere in such a scene as this? Who will deny it?

*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### ON ENTHUSIASM.

"Who that surveys this span of earth we press,  
This speck of life in time's great wilderness,  
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,  
The past—the future—two eternities—  
Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,  
When he might build him a proud temple there,  
A name that long shall hallow all its space,  
And be each purer soul's high resting-place?"

MOORE.

It is not wonderful that men should be enthusiastic, for who can propose to himself an object worthy of his eager pursuit without ambition to attain it? The matter of surprise is, when a man of sound intellect and good principle can move through life without the apparent predominance of any one interest. There is such a wearisome dulness about ourselves when we cannot find any particular object upon which to exercise our various faculties—there is such a revolting from the idea of being nothing in the world—the burthen of thought on our minds, unrelieved by the active exertions of our bodies, does so heavily press upon the animal spirits, that we had a thousand times rather see our fellow-creatures transformed into good-humoured pedants, each supremely intent upon one thing, however insignificant, than be surrounded by a crowd of beings who have not the fewer cares because they are almost without pleasures. The bustling housewife, her heart and soul intent upon pickles and preserves,—Mrs. Battle devoted to her rubber at whist,—grammarians, intent upon the formation of past principles,—antiquarians, looking with ineffable disdain on the living, and for ever communing with the dead,—entomologists, speculating on the wings of a fly,—we like them all—they are all happy beings. Each loves at least one thing. There may be a vast difference in the comparative value of their several undertakings. The benevolent ardour of a Howard, the Christian fervour of a missionary, may wonderfully overshadow the value of such pursuits as we have mentioned;

but still the principle of exertion, to whatever object directed, is to be hailed as an omen of good—good to the individual himself, and, in general, eventually so to the community. Good humour, that sweetener of our real cares, that best preventive against imaginary ones, is at least fostered by this active turn of mind; and that is but a short-sighted officiousness which would rob the hustler of his joys, in order to show him their unreasonableness. Any thing—we repeat it—any thing is better than the dull, melancholy, morose apathy of human creatures, who are born and educated, and live and die without desiring or shunning one thing more than another, without love or hatred, without fear or hope. For this reason chiefly, when we review the character of the present age, we take heart, and are comforted; amid the consciousness of finding much folly, in the belief that a great deal of powerful feeling is abroad, that sluggishness is not the reigning evil of our time; but that we are on the whole an active, stirring, busy nation. Our ladies too have caught the spirit of the age. We meet them, not merely at balls, prettily equipped for the sprightly dance, nor in a morning weaving with indefatigable fingers their evening robe; but at our public meetings, at our committees, in our schools, and in our prisons, we find them occupying no subordinate station in the ranks of the busy labourers in the cause of humanity. It has been whispered that on such occasions they have of late years been, indeed, rather too active; and this is likely enough. But yet we cannot help believing, on our own principles, that the good humour of their domestic circles is on the whole increased by the life and spirits which these exertions produce and promote. It is true, that the same period which produces a nation of great doers, will almost unavoidably bring forth a people of talkers. Energy of one sort calls out energy of another. High-sounding expressions, violent admiration and abuse of people and things, is inseparable from a state of strong mental and bodily excitement. Hence the sharpness of our controversies, the unreasonable warmth of our language on subjects purely literary, the vehemence of our passionate poetry. We have carried all these things a great deal too far; and people of the good old school look upon us sometimes with wonder and contempt. We appear in their eyes to be fighting with prodigious vehemence about straws. Looking forward, however, some twenty or thirty years, we see great reason to hope that we shall be much the better by and by, in spite of our present excesses. Things will be called by their right names, one time or other; and the sober severity of truth will adorn our characters, when some of the glow of enthusiasm in her cause has passed away. Even now, few of the members of contending literary parties dislike each other half



so much as their words literally taken would imply; and few of the busy actors in political or religious matters appear, in their own private circles, such zealots as we are apt to fancy. When a man has gained reputation by ardour in one particular cause, we cannot give him credit for being ardent in any thing else; though in many cases mere accident has coupled his name with one pursuit, and he may have been all the while to the full as eager in quest of some other. At any rate there is no stagnation in a mind like this. It is carried away, indeed, rather too rapidly; but time, experience, and the inflexible application of its powers in that direction to which man's better wisdom points, will finally preserve it from destruction.

Even decidedly light, irreligious, volatile spirits are more hopeful subjects of speculation than the apathetic beings from whom no power can extract a tear of sympathy, or a burst of generous feeling. Quiet dullness often calls itself religious; but of *conscience* it has none. It keeps under regulation the already sober passions; but as to rousing the active principle within us, towards this it does nothing.

Religious principle is of little value indeed, if it merely keep us in the slavish fear of going notoriously wrong, without spurring us on to right action. It was not for an end so poor and circumscribed that the Divine Being created us, and stamped upon our minds his own image. It was not for this that he has called us to the hope of a better inheritance. It was to rouse us to act *with* him and *for* him; to translate us from the dominion of fear to the empire of hope; from passive submission to active service; from awe to love, and from death to life: up to this beautiful idea should we endeavour always to lift our minds. *We* may faint and fall short; but our motives and principles are stronger than ourselves.

We are getting out of our depth; and, having begun in a light mood, are in danger of ending in too serious a one. Examples, bright examples, of tempered and well-directed enthusiasm crowd upon our minds as we write; and if we dared, we could mention some which would illustrate and confirm the bright view we are disposed to take of this error of noble minds. Here and there an individual may put our cheerful faith to the test; for what can be more annoying than to meet with the follies of youth in an aged breast, which possesses not one merit but that of having retained its childishness through a long life! In general, however, we are satisfied that enthusiasm is a blessing to individuals, and a blessing to society; and from the bottom of our hearts we say, "Long may it dwell amongst us!"

*New Monthly Magazine.*

**ABOLITION OF THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.**  
—The Portuguese Cortes at Lisbon have, by

the application of a long-violated principle of justice and humanity, abolished this dreadful punishment, so opposite in its effects to the interests of society, and so degrading to civilization;—one which has been so deservedly reprobated by Beccaria, and a number of other eminent philosophers and writers on the criminal and penal system. Public morality would be much better consulted by the adoption of solitary confinement as a punishment for crimes, than it is at present by the spectacle of death.

**BALLANTYNE'S NOVELIST'S LIBRARY.**

Volumes II. and III. Smollett. *Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, Count Fathom, Sir Launcelot Greaves, and the Translation of Don Quixotte.*

THE first volume of this work was published in January last; we then enumerated its form and attractions, namely, the typography of Mr. James Ballantyne's Border Press, good and concise arrangement of the text in double columns like a Magazine, and introductory memoirs of, and remarks upon, the authors, by Sir Walter Scott. From the prefix to Fielding's novels we selected some most interesting extracts, and from the present "prefatory matter" to Smollett, we think we shall be able to draw something not less agreeable to our readers. But before we do this, we wish to say a few words on the projector of this edition of our novelists, whose premature death within so short a period after the commencement of his design, has given a severe shock to social life among the numerous circles in which he shone with no mean lustre. Mr. John Ballantyne, born in the town of Kelso, Roxburghshire, was the son of respectable parents engaged in a mercantile line. He enjoyed the advantages of that sort of tuition which is, greatly to the benefit and honour of the country, so readily to be obtained in Scotland. We allude to the instruction which the Grammar School, established in every parish, affords an opportunity of receiving at a very moderate charge; and which has not only been the foundation for higher attainments, but the sole system of study enjoyed by many a one who has reflected eminent credit on the literature of his native land. Here, perfectly informed in the useful branches of education which fit individuals for active pursuits, or well grounded in languages, whether of modern date for the intercourse of the world, or of antiquity for the labours of learning, the young Scot lays in those stores and acquires those habits which in after years are exhibited so conspicuously in the man of business or the scholar. In academic shades, or by private devotion, the polish and deeper intricacies of classic lore may be superadded; but in no part of the universe can so much solid and competent knowledge

be gathered as in these admirable institutions, which are open to every class, and within the reach of all but the very poorest.

In his youth, the subject of this sketch displayed great readiness and facility; and his mind was turned to literary concerns by the establishment of a provincial newspaper, *The Kelso Mail*, which was begun by his elder brother James, which he subsequently conducted, and which is still edited by his younger brother. The celebrity which Mr. James Ballantyne's improvements in printing soon obtained, opened a wider sphere of action, and the family removed to, and settled in, Edinburgh. The extensive publications in which the Border Press has since appeared, are the best proof of the wisdom of this measure; but the ever-active mind of John Ballantyne was not to be confined to the college of the printing-house; he embarked largely in the book-selling trade, and afterwards in the profession of an auctioneer of works of art, libraries, &c. His share in the famous Scottish Novels was also a source at once of occupation and emolument: perhaps no person knew more surely than he did who was the writer of these renowned works. For the last few years, a declining state of health compelled him to travel upon the continent in search of that restoration which he was destined never to find. The edition of the English Novelists was then undertaken as an easy occupation, to divert the languor of illness, and to fill up those vacancies in time which were likely to contrast with the former habits of busy life. The trial was brief. While flattering himself with the hope that his frame was reinvigorated, this gentleman died, in the prime of his days.

In his temper and acquirements, Mr. Ballantyne was formed to be the delight of society. He was full of original wit and repartee, sung admirably, and perhaps was rarely surpassed in the felicity with which he related anecdotes, or told tales of humour. It was from him that Mathews got his exquisite old Scotchwoman; and, exquisite as it is, there are many who held the prototype to be at least no ways inferior to the masterly imitator. The company of such a person was naturally much courted, and the convivial habits of the north were possibly not the best suited to his delicate constitution. Vulgar dissipation was below his notice, but even the pursuit of finer pleasures is fatal to the invalid. Much esteemed and much regretted, leaving a great blank in the literary and social sphere in which he moved, the lively and intelligent editor of the work which heads this article, has anew pointed the moral that neither vivacity of heart nor intellectual powers can resist the stroke of fate, though aimed at the epoch when the physical strength of man is most surely relied on to withstand the blow.

The prefatory memoir to these volumes by

Sir Walter Scott, to which we mean to confine ourselves, consists of forty-two pages. The account of Smollett is principally selected from the biographies of Drs. Moore and Anderson; but as the most prominent facts are generally known, we shall only quote such passages as are interesting from displaying the opinions of the writer on literary topics, on which he is so high an authority. The following remarks on the publication of *Peregrine Pickle* in 1751, are of this order.

"The splendid merit of the work itself was a much greater victory over the author's enemies, if he really had such, than any which he could gain by personal altercation with unworthy opponents. Yet by many his second novel was not thought quite equal to his first. In truth, there occurs betwixt *Roderick Random* and *Peregrine Pickle* a difference, which is often observed betwixt the first and second efforts of authors who have been successful in this line. *Peregrine Pickle* is more finished, more sedulously laboured into excellence, exhibits scenes of more accumulated interest, and presents a richer variety of character and adventure, than *Roderick Random*; but yet there is an ease and simplicity in the first novel which is not quite attained in the second, where the author has substituted splendour of colouring for simplicity of outline. Thus, of the inimitable sea-characters, Trunnion, Pipes, and even Hatchway, border upon caricature; but Lieutenant Bowling and Jack Rattlin are truth and nature itself. The reason seems to be, that when an author brings forth his first representation of any class of characters, he seizes on the leading and striking outlines, and therefore, in the second attempt of the same kind, he is forced to make some distinction, and either to invest his personage with less obvious and ordinary traits of character, or to place him in a new and less natural light."

The subjoined strong and admirable observations on Count Fathom, are applicable to too large a portion both of the prose and poetry of our day, to be perused without a good result.

"To a reader of a good disposition and well-regulated mind, the picture of moral depravity presented in the character of Count Fathom, is a disgusting pollution of the imagination. To those, on the other hand, who hesitate on the brink of meditated iniquity, it is not safe to detail the arts by which the ingenuity of villany has triumphed in former instances; and it is well known that the publication of the real account of uncommon crimes, although attended by the public and infamous punishment of the perpetrators, has often had the effect of stimulating others to similar actions. To some unhappy minds, it may occur as a sort of extenuation of the crime which they meditate, that even if they carry their purpose into execution, their guilt will fall far short of



what the author has ascribed to his fictitious character; and there are other imaginations so ill regulated, that they catch infection from stories of wickedness, and feel an insane impulse to emulate and to realize the pictures of villany which are embodied in such narratives as those of Zeluco, or Count Fathom."

On Smollett's continental tour after the loss of his daughter, Sir Walter observes, "Nature had either denied Smollett the taste necessary to understand and feel the beauties of art, or else his embittered state of mind had, for the time, entirely deprived him of the power of enjoying them. The harsh censures which he passes on the *Venus de Medicis*, and upon the Pantheon; and the sarcasm with which his criticisms are answered by Sterne, are both well known. Yet, be it said without offence to the memory of that witty and elegant writer, it is more easy to assume, in composition, an air of alternate gayety and sensibility, than to practise the virtues of generosity and benevolence, which Smollett exercised during his whole life, though often, like his own Matthew Bramble, under the disguise of peevishness and irritability. Sterne's writings show much flourish concerning virtues of which his life is understood to have produced little fruit; the temper of Smollett was,

"— like a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly."

From the concluding remarks, we think the subjoined selections will be read with gratification:—

"The person of Smollett was eminently handsome, his features prepossessing, and, by the joint testimony of all his surviving friends, his conversation in the highest degree instructive and amusing. Of his disposition, those who have read his works (and who has not done so?) may form a very accurate estimate; for in each of them he has presented, and sometimes under various points of view, the leading features of his own character, without disguising the most unfavourable of them. Nay, there is room to believe, that he rather exaggerated than softened that cynical turn of temper, which was the principal fault of his disposition, and which engaged him in so many quarrels. It is remarkable, that all his heroes, from Roderick Random downward, possess a haughty, fierce irritability of disposition, until the same features appear softened, and rendered venerable by age and philosophy, in Matthew Bramble. The sports in which they most delight are those which are attended with disgrace, mental pain, and bodily mischief to others; and their humanity is never represented as interrupting the course of their frolics. We know not that Smollett had any other marked failing, save that which he himself has so often and so liberally acknowledged. When unseduced by his satirical propensities, he was kind, generous, and humane to others; bold,

upright, and independent in his own character; stooping to no patron, [he] sued for no favour, but honestly and honourably maintained himself on his literary labours; when, if he was occasionally employed in work which was beneath his talents, the disgrace must remain with those who saved not such a genius from the degrading drudgery of compiling and translating. He was a doting father, and an affectionate husband; and the warm zeal with which his memory was cherished by his surviving friends, showed clearly the reliance which they placed upon his regard. \* \*

"Fielding and Smollett were both born in the highest rank of society, both educated to learned professions, yet both obliged to follow miscellaneous literature as the means of subsistence. Both were confined, during their lives, by the narrowness of their circumstances,—both united a humorous cynicism with generosity and good nature,—both died of the diseases incident to a sedentary life, and to literary labour, and both drew their last breath in a foreign land, to which they retreated under the adverse circumstances of a decayed constitution, and an exhausted fortune.

"Their studies were no less similar than their lives. They both wrote for the stage, and neither of them successfully. They both meddled in politics; they both wrote travels, in which they showed that their good humour was wasted under the sufferings of their disease; and, to conclude, they were both so eminently successful as novelists, that no other English author of that class has a right to be mentioned in the same breath with Fielding and Smollett."

#### LORD BYRON, DON JUAN, AND THOMAS DAVISON.

— But there is a *fourth* in this dramatic personæ, concealed behind the curtain, who sets the above groupe in action before the public! Here is my Lord Byron, doubtless one of the most extraordinarily gifted intellectual men of the day, again enacting the part of DON JUAN, and with impunity, poisoning the current of fine poetry, by the intermixture of ribaldry and blasphemy such as no man of pure taste can read a *second* time, and such as no woman of correct principles can read the *first*. Why is this ridiculous and disgusting farce to go on, unnoticed by the more powerful critical journals of the day? Where sleeps that well disciplined and master spirit, which once inflicted chastisement upon the aberrations of a muse which has since become bewitching from its modesty? Does the editor of another *quarterly* journal also sleep? Whence this soporific enchantment? What has benumbed the feelings, or hushed the indignation of the great champions in modern literature? Gold?—not at all. Fear? far

from it. Friendship?—by no means. Admiration of Don Juan?—it must not be thought. But who is this *fourth* in this dramatic personæ, above alluded to? "Ay, there's the rub." Hence the mystery;—hence the "sopor"—hence the silence. Let us grapple more closely with this subject; and we intreat Mr. D'Israeli in particular, who devotes half his life to the collection of *Curiosities of Literature*, to pay every possible attention to it; for it is truly one of the most "curious," if not mysterious, of all things which was ever connected with the publication of a performance, whether in poetry or prose.

The story is this: A large quarto volume, entitled *Don Juan*, was handsomely printed by the above most respectable printer, and published two years ago; by whom? by nobody, nominally speaking. It came abroad in a manner, without comprehension, and without precedent. Nevertheless it contained matter which could only have been spun from one brain. This it is to be supereminent in talent. The lion cannot be mistaken for the leopard. The "matter" was called *Don Juan*, and it was never denied that it became familiar to the public by a contract, expressed or implied, between Lord Byron and Mr. John Murray; the latter, a bookseller of the most respectable character, and the publisher of one of the most popular reviews in Europe. It is not to be supposed that Lord Byron would write for nothing. He ought not, and he cannot; for although he rarely eats meat, or drinks any thing but sherbet, he yet lives after the fashion of several saucy young gentlemen, and perhaps may not be surpassed in the variety of his gratifications, [\*] by the hero whose life he means systematically to develop.

Well,—this finely printed quarto volume—of which, probably, from a thousand to fifteen hundred copies may have been printed—no sooner appears at the price of 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* than it is republished by another bookseller, at the reduced sum of 4*s.* 6*d.* and yet, containing every jot and tittle of the text, of what collectors call the Editio Princeps! In short, Mr. Murray's property is invaded—is pirated. And what does Mr. Murray? Truly, nothing. He is paralysed. He sits, with open eyes, and outstretched arms, immovable. He sees the fox entering the premises, and running away with all the pretty pullets and ducklings, which he had so painfully reared to grace the greensward of Wimbledon, and neither pulls a trigger himself, nor allows his gamekeeper to do the like.† Are the courts of law inac-

[\* This insinuation, made by his enemies in England, is not believed there.]

† We think our Correspondent a little wrong here. We understood that Mr. Davison raised an action, but the contents of the volume prevented any injunction. Ed.

cessible to redress for such a grievance? They are not. Then why does not the author or proprietor enter those courts, and get the fox punished for his audacity? Ay, gentle reader—again we say, "there's the rub." The judge would tell Mr. Murray, that what he calls "pullets and ducklings" are, in fact, rats and vermin—and that the sooner they are destroyed the better. In short, Mr. Murray knew, as well as any individual of his Majesty's liege subjects, that he could not have entered these courts. The property, for which he might claim a protection, would be considered contraband—in other words, "libellous:" Being, in every respect, "*contra bonos mores.*"

Don Juan, in consequence, was poured abroad, thick and threefold upon us—like the fiery flakes of that infernal element to which he is to be ultimately consigned. The piracy at Paris was harmless, (as it was unpunishable,) compared with the depredation committed by the Catherine Street bookseller; and so these two first cantos were suffered, without reprobation or castigation,—either from courts of law, or of literature,—to obtrude all their immorality and irreligion in every quarter of the united kingdom; the author himself telling us, like Rousseau, that any modest woman who read him was UNDONE! And yet two years have passed away, and such a publication has not been reprobated by either of the two leading journals of the day! We can account a little for the silence of the *southern* Journal, because it might have been "*Murray v. Murray*,"—"alter et idem:"—in other words, biting one's nose to be revenged of one's face. But it is not so with our *NORTHERN* Critical Journal, which has emphatically taken for its motto, "*Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.*"

In consequence of this silence, a supposed consent appeared to have been given to the two first cantos of Don Juan, and the publisher seemed, as it were, to have a patent for the vendition of licentiousness. Even the Society for the Suppression of Vice became stupid or supine upon the unbounded currency given to this capricious and mischievous production. And now, at the distance of two years, *Three more Cantos* make their appearance from the same quarters, that is to say, from Lord Byron and Mr. Davison. But where is the second quarto edition? "Experientia docet," says our copy-book at school; and the *legitimate* proprietor comes forth, in the second instance, precisely in the very garb and manner of the *pirate* in the first! Wherefore? Because he knew the ticklish character of the commodity which he vended. He knew that the quarto would be soon succeeded by the fox-like octavo; because there was no *legitimate* help against it, in the soundness of the cause, or the consistency of his

past conduct. And, therefore, the sequel appears (not only in a large, but a small octavo form,—*utrumque paratus*) with the third, fourth, and fifth Cantos of Don Juan,—resolving not to be undersold. As a matter of *business*, it is done wisely; but as a matter of *reputation*, it would have been done infinitely more wisely had the proffered continuation been rejected. Let him do what he will, the ground will sink or totter beneath his feet. We are sure that Don Juan himself never felt more *awkwardly* than does his publisher. When Mr. Murray told the noble author, (see Canto IV. xcvi.) that families of respectability would not allow the first two cantos to lie upon their tables, (which communication, on the part of the author, affords occasion to a satirical quotation of scripture,) how could he have ventured upon the publication of those which *followed*? This was a sad demonstration of inconsistency, a sad departure from the respectability which he owed to himself. Mr. Murray is a liberal man, and he gives large sums for copyrights. But perhaps he *lost* in consequence of the appearance of the Fox. It was now his turn to out-wit the Fox. This he has done. But has he not out-witted *himself*? The latter is always more dangerous than the former.

And now as for the cantos recently published, we reserve a more close criticism upon them for a future number.

The digressions are endless, and plentifully larded with attacks against Lady Byron, and Messieurs Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. Indeed, we can hardly see how the author can escape being bastinadoed by one, or the other, or all three of these gentlemen, each in turn, as soon as he shall have the virtue or courage to revisit his native land.

In the third Canto, (stanza civ.) Lord Byron gives us a specimen of his *religious creed*. It is just such a specimen as the leader of banditti would give: just such a gentleman highwayman would make. We wish, we heartily wish, that the fine poetry, which almost redeems the third Canto (the least exceptionable, on the ground of immorality) from reprobation, had not been mixed up with very much that is equally frivolous and foolish. The second stanza in this Canto is beautiful, and almost original. The hymn (or heroic song, at p. 46 to 51) is, we think, one of the very finest things, of its kind, of modern poetry. It is full of vigour, of thought and of expression: a fine classical feeling pervades the whole, and the conclusion is perfectly magnificent. "O, si sic omnia!" and why should not we, to whom "much is given," give us much in return? Something better than he has recently given, (for his former effusions were only objectionable on the score of their misanthropic tendency,) will doubtless be *ONE DAY* required. How this requisition will be com-

plied with, is a matter for the Noble Lord's *serious*, and perhaps *immediate* consideration. He is yet a young man, and future excellencies may atone for past errors. Meanwhile, it may be as well for him to consider, that the public soon tire of *monstrosity*, both in morals and in literature.—*Const. Edin. Mag.*

#### BUONAPARTE, BYRON, AND MOORE.

We translate the following article from a foreign journal:—

*La Mort de Napoléon, Dithyrambe, traduit de l'Anglaise de Lord Byron, précédé d'une Notice sur la Vie et la Mort de Napoléon Buonaparte, par Sir Thomas Moore.\**

SUCH is the title of a work which has just appeared at Brussels. The following is an extract from the notice by Mr. Moore.

"Napoleon remained six years in his solitary prison, employed in gardening and hunting, and amusing himself, it is said, by writing his memoirs. The latter circumstance has, however, been doubted; for some individuals have not scrupled to assert, that he did not know how to write. Have they forgotten his immortal proclamations, and that military eloquence of which he was the founder? Have they forgotten that he wrote political poems and pamphlets, remarkable for vigour of style? He prohibited their re-publication, because he did not choose that the love of liberty which he manifested under the republic, should be compared with his despotism during the empire. Napoleon had latterly become gloomy and melancholy; he avoided the sight of men, and particularly of the English. In his hours of solitude he was frequently heard to exclaim, '*The monsters! why did they not shoot me? I should then, at least, have died a soldier's death!*'"

"Lord Byron's dithyrambic was written in an evening; it is the offspring of a lofty and enthusiastic imagination."

The following stanzas, which are quoted by the French critic, will afford our readers a specimen of the style in which the poem is translated:—

"Napoléon n'est plus! et la nature est muette; et l'Europe est tranquille; et les fêtes ne sont point interrompues! L'ange de la mort a-t-il donc frappé la tête vile d'un homme obscur? Non: l'homme du siècle est tombé, et l'Europe voit d'un cœur froid la chute du colosse qui fit trembler le monde.

"Un roc sauvage, au fond des mers était l'asile de celui qui occupa le premier trône, qui vit autour de lui une cour de rois, qui porta partout la victoire et ceignit partout les lauriers. Comment un si grand homme est-il tombé? il semblait l'idole de son peuple.

"Ah! il fut ingrat avec ce peuple généreux.

\* The French, it appears, have conferred the honour of Knighthood on Mr. Moore.



Il crut qu'il ne devait sa gloire qu'à lui seul. Un fol orgueil s'empara de son ame; et ceux qui lui avaient dit, *Sois notre chef, mais nous sommes tes frères*, devinrent ses esclaves."

*London Literary Gazette.*

**ANTIDOTE TO THE PLAGUE.**—The external use of oil of olives, as a preservative against the plague, has been long known in the Levant; it has been applied by fomentations, frictions, and lotions; but no one has hitherto taken it as an internal remedy, by drinking it. From the Swedish consul at Tangiers, we learn that this discovery was made last year by M. Colaco, Portuguese Consul at Laraché. His first experiment was upon 200 persons, out of whom there were not ten in whose case it did not prove efficacious. As soon as the infection is caught, from four to eight ounces of oil of olives should be taken at once, according to the strength, &c. of the constitution. A universal perspiration will then take place, and in such abundance, that it appears to expel the *virus*, even alone; or at least, this has occurred in many instances. Its effects, however, as a sudorific, may be properly seconded, by taking a decoction of elder berries. In some individuals, this oil operates as an emetic; in others, it purges the bowels. But excessive perspiration is usually the principal symptom, and also the most beneficial. The Moors, notwithstanding their superstitious aversion to all interior remedies, especially with respect to the plague, acquiring knowledge from experience, have, at length, had recourse to this simple remedy. In a village near Tangiers, a father of a family, who had lost by the plague his wife and four children, was enabled to save his own life and four other children, by using the oil. A husbandman living in another village, three of whose children had been carried off by the plague, saved three others by the same means. To render the remedy still more efficacious, the oil is used both internally by drinking, and externally by frictions, washings, &c. Scarcely an instance has occurred wherein this double application has failed of its effect. A Spanish physician, who has been upwards of a year in this country, has hereby cured almost all the Jews in Tangiers. Out of 200 that have been attacked, since the beginning of the year, and who have had recourse to this remedy, scarcely in one out of twelve has the malady proved fatal.

**PORTUGAL.**—The Portuguese monarchy has possessions in four parts of the world:—

In Europe is the kingdom of Portugal, and the Algarves, on a surface of 4630 leagues square, and 3,680,000 inhabitants.

In America, Brazil and Guiana, 277,000 leagues square, and 24,000,000 inhabitants.

In the Atlantic and Africa, the isles of Madeira and Porto Santo, 50 square leagues, and 91,200 inhabitants. The Azores 147 square leagues, 160,000 inhabitants. Cape Verd Islands, 216 square leagues, 36,000 inhabitants. The islands on the coast of Guinea, 53 square leagues, 35,000 inhabitants. The government of Angola, 70 square leagues, 75,000 inhabitants. Of Mosambique, 139 square leagues, 60,000 inhabitants.

In Asia, Goa, 92 square leagues, 60,000 inhabitants. Timor and Solor, 33 square leagues, 15,000 inhabitants. Macao, 14 square leagues, and 38,000 inhabitants. Total 232,444 square leagues, and 6,649,200 inhabitants; among the latter are two millions of slaves. The political importance equal to that of the Belgic provinces, and superior to that of Sweden.

The crown revenues from eighty to ninety millions of francs. The armed force consists in Europe of 25,000 regulars, and 35,000 militia. In Brazil the troops of the line and militia about 50,000. Their marine has not above eight ships of the line and sixteen frigates.

**ULTRA FACTION IN FRANCE.**—A letter dated Paris, August 30, says—The greatest obstacle to the sincere establishment of the constitutional regime is the existence of that vast organization, called by the name of the *Occult Government*, which is directed by the presumptive heir to the throne, and his partisans. Of the existence of this secret organization, the proofs have transpired since the re-establishment of the royal authority. There is not a village—there is not a hamlet in France, where it has not its secret committee, from among the members of which it forces the Government in spite of itself to choose the agents of authority.

**HORIZONTAL DIRECTION OF BALLOONS.**—A Journal of Rome announces that an inhabitant of Bologna, called Mingorelli, has discovered the horizontal direction of aerostatics which for so many years has been the subject of physical and mechanical research, and for the discovery of which the Royal Society of London has proposed a prize of 20,000*l.* sterling. He proposes to take a voyage to England, on being assured of this premium on his arrival, but in point of fact it never has been offered.

A system of retrenchment is about to be adopted in the British army: the reduction will, it is said, cut off 13,000 men; and such a diminution has, it is asserted, received the king's approbation. The species of force to be dispensed with is not mentioned. The reductions in the ordnance department are said to be in train. Respecting those of the navy, nothing certain is known.

In one of Dryden's plays there was this line, which the actress endeavoured to speak in as moving and affecting a tone as she could :—

"My wound is great, because it is so small!" And then she paused and looked very much distressed.—The Duke of Buckingham, who was in one of the boxes, rose from his seat, and added, in a loud, ridiculing voice :—  
"Then 'twould be greater were it none at all!" which had so strong an effect upon the audience, (who before were not very well pleased with the play,) that they hissed the poor woman off the stage; would never bear her appearance in the rest of her part; and (as this was the second time only of the play's appearance,) made Dryden lose his benefit night.—*Spence's Anecdotes.*

FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES, father of his late Majesty, was a man of very elegant manners, but Walpole exhibits him in a point of view peculiarly unfavourable. He was particularly addicted to reading French memoirs, and had written those of his own time, under the name of "Prince Titi." The MS. was found among the papers of Ralph the Historian, and presented by the late Dr. Rose, his executor, to the first Earl of Bute, who, without bestowing any remuneration or acknowledgment, conveyed them to his son, George the Third. Prince Frederick also composed several French songs, in imitation of the Regent Duke of Orleans, a model no way worthy of imitation. Here follows the first stanza of a Bacchanalian relic :

*Chanson, par Frederic Prince de Galles.*

"Venez, mes cheres deses  
Venez calmer mon chagrin ;  
Aidez, mes belles princesses,  
A le noyer dans le vin.

"Poussons cette donc ivresse  
Jusqu'au milieu de la nuit ;  
Et n'ecoutons que la tendresse  
D'un charmaet vis-a-vis.

"Quand le chagrin me devore  
Vite à table je me mets," &c.

MR. GIBBON.—When Mr. Fox's library was sold in 1781, the first volume of the "Decline and Fall," was brought to the hammer. It brought three guineas, in consequence of the contention produced by the following MS. note in the well-known hand of "the man of the people :"—"The Author at Brooks's said that there was no salvation for this country, until six heads of the principal persons in administration were LAID UPON THE TABLE."

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT was led to Cold Bath Fields by a letter written upon the leaf of a book, with a splinter of wood, in the blood of the miserable captives who supplicated him to save them from the pangs of death, produced by hunger and thirst. On visiting

the unhappy creatures, he found them "merely frames of men, their minds apparently as much impaired as their bodies." They were Englishmen, in an English prison, and without a trial.

DR. JOHNSON.—I was told by the foreman of the Chelsea China Manufactory, (then in the workhouse of St. Luke's, Middlesex) that Dr. Johnson had conceived a notion that he was capable of improving on the manufacture of China. He applied to the directors of the Chelsea China Works, and was allowed to *bake* his compositions in their ovens in — st. Chelsea. He was accordingly accustomed to go down with his housekeeper, about twice a week, and staid the whole day, she carrying a basket of provisions along with her. The Doctor, who was not allowed to enter the *mixing* room, had access to every other part of the house, and formed his composition in a particular apartment, without being overlooked by any one. He had also free access to the oven, and superintended the whole of the process; but completely failed, both as to composition and baking, for his materials always yielded to the intensity of the heat, while those of the company came out of the furnace perfect and complete. The Doctor retired in disgust, but not in despair, for he afterwards gave a dissertation on this very subject in his works; but the overseer, who has read this, assured me in the spring of 1814, that he was still ignorant of the nature of the operation. He seemed to think that the Dr. imagined one single substance was sufficient, while he on the other hand asserts that he always used sixteen, and he must have had some practice, as he had nearly lost his eyesight, by firing batches of china, both at Chelsea and Derby, to which the manufacture was afterwards carried.

The late EARL OF MOUNT EDGECOMBE had a favourite pig, who is said to have followed him for miles, and even to have *snuffed him in the wind*, so as readily to anticipate his arrival. This wonderful animal at last became the subject of an ode, of which it may not be amiss to quote a few stanzas:

Ye muses quit your sacred stream,  
And aid me like the bards of yore,  
Slight Milton, for like his my theme  
In verse was never sung before;  
Indeed the tale is often told in prose  
Since all the world the mighty wonder knows!  
Theme of sublimity! my boar,  
All hail! thou beast of high renown,  
As famous as the horse of yore,  
That won his lucky lord a crown.  
Fam'd as Miss Leslie's bird in verse so oft  
Recorded, or the rabbits of Moll Toit  
Hail pig! at Tunbridge born and bred,  
Who singlest out his L—p there,

Event that round the region spread,  
 And made the gaping millions stare ;  
 And strange it was to see upon my word,  
 A pig for ever trotting with my lord.  
 Thrice happy hog ! with Mrs. Joan,  
 Who, in a chariot, cheek by jole,  
 Did'st Jehu-like, from Tunbridge Town  
 To Mount's enchanting mansions roll ;  
 Where to thy levee thousands did repair,  
 With nine fat aldermen and Mr. Mayor.  
 The mayor and aldermen polite,  
 Swore that without fee or purchase,  
 If so his lordship thoft it right,  
 They'd choose thee, gentle swine, for bur-  
 gess,  
 Thank ye, replied his lordship ; but ods-snigs !  
 Tho' asses sit, 'tis never granted pigs.

"Great minds had rather deserve *contem-  
 poraneous* applause, without obtaining it, than  
 obtain, without deserving it ; if it follow *them*,  
 it is well, but they will not deviate to follow  
 it. With inferior minds the reverse is ob-  
 servable ; so that they can command the flat-  
 tery of knaves while living, they care not for  
 the execrations of honest men, when dead.  
 Cato finely observed, he would much rather  
 that posterity should inquire why *no* statues  
 were erected to him, *than why they were !*"—  
*Lacon.*

**VOLCANO IN THE MOON.**—At a late sitting  
 of the Royal Society, Captain Kater read an  
 interesting paper on the subject of a volcano  
 which he had discovered in the moon. On  
 examining the dark part of the moon through  
 a telescope, he perceived a bright spot resem-  
 bling a star ; and subsequent observations con-  
 vinced him that it was a volcano. As that  
 part of the moon in which it is situated has  
 now become illuminated, the volcano is no  
 longer visible ; and before the period for ob-  
 serving it returns, it will probably have ceased  
 to be in a state of eruption. We copy from  
 a Plymouth paper a paraphrase on the same  
 subject : "Mr. Cooke, of Stonehouse, hav-  
 ing constantly made observations on the moon  
 for the last twelve months, discovered, about  
 nine o'clock on the night of the 16th of Janu-  
 ary, (two days before the full, and the only  
 bright night of the moon,) an effusion of smoke  
 which lasted about a minute, and appeared  
 like the fluttering of a bird. It passed over  
 the moon before it evaporated, and must have  
 fore-shortened, as it seemed in effect to have  
 passed over the whole disc, from the place  
 whence it arose, on the east of the spot Mene-  
 laus, and near Pilneas ; but the effusion pre-  
 vented the exact spot from being ascertain-  
 ed."

## Literary Notices.

*The Expedition of Orsua and the Crimes of  
 Aguirre.* By Robert Southey, Esq. &c.  
 London, 12mo. pp. 215.

This tale of horrors was partially printed in  
 the third volume of the Edinburgh Annual  
 Register, and is now presented by Mr. Southey  
 in a more convenient form, with additions.  
 "It is (says the author in his Preface) a fright-  
 ful but salutary story ; exemplifying that pow-  
 er, which intoxicates weak men, makes wick-  
 ed ones mad. This is an important truth, and  
 has not been sufficiently observed ; but as the  
 first part of the maxim is proved by Rienzi and  
 Massienello, so is the second by the fanatics  
 of Cromwell's age, and the monsters of the  
 French revolution, as well as by the history of  
 Eastern despots and Roman emperors. The  
 pressure of the atmosphere is not more neces-  
 sary for the animal life of man, than the res-  
 traints of law and order are for his moral  
 being."

We have never found much gratification in  
 contemplating such pictures as this narrative  
 exhibits ; yet it must be confessed, that, be-  
 sides the fearful interest of such details, there  
 is in them a philosophical utility, since they  
 teach us to what a dreadful pitch of atrocity  
 human nature is susceptible of being carried,  
 and thence to the obvious inference, that the  
 first steps in crime, and the first manifestations  
 of an appetite for blood, ought to be repelled  
 with the firmest severity : the present state of

Spain is perhaps the best commentary that can  
 be offered on this text, and it certainly adds  
 greatly to the appositeness of Mr. Southey's  
 publication at this time.

We will not particularize the sources whence  
 the facts are derived ; suffice it to say, that  
 they are not very generally known even in  
 Spanish literature.

In 1560, accumulated rumours of a nation  
 in the interior of South America, called the  
 Omaguas, and abounding with gold and dia-  
 monds, so inflamed the cupidity of the Spanish  
 colonists in Peru, that an expedition was fitted  
 out to discover and conquer this country, and  
 add the renowned El Dorado to the boundless  
 extent of European settlement. The com-  
 mand was entrusted to Don Pedro Orsua, a  
 valiant but barbarous officer, and a knight of  
 Navarre. His force consisted of 300 Spaniards,  
 about forty of whom were men of rank, and  
 100 Mestizos, or the offspring of a mixed pa-  
 rentage. A more desperate band it seems  
 hardly possible to have collected. Many of  
 its members had been notorious in the sangui-  
 nary conspiracies, tumults, and rebellions,  
 which at that period distracted the possessions  
 of King Philip. The very best were ruthless  
 soldiers ; the majority ruffians, whose souls  
 revelled in merciless murder and extermina-  
 tion.

Orsua took with him his beautiful mistress  
 Donna Ines ; and a number of other women,

related  
 compar-  
 ed, by  
 and of  
 his ass-  
 and fo-  
 prelimi-  
 corded  
 fore w  
 Orellan  
 starting  
 the ass

"O gir-  
 This  
 the 17  
 duced  
 and the  
 publica  
 ther di  
 text, ne  
 deed, i  
 riodica  
 toiling  
 field of  
 bring f  
 be in it  
 want o  
 the Nu  
 to rend  
 agreea  
 calling  
 to be s  
 rally ar  
 ing atte  
 themse  
 contras  
 with th  
 Of it  
 was a  
 fancifu  
 always  
 there a  
 syllogis  
 and tha  
 rhetoric  
 and arg  
 compet  
 to his  
 excess  
 in his w  
 phuisin  
 his lang  
 often o  
 nevoler  
 princip

Of it  
 was a  
 fancifu  
 always  
 there a  
 syllogis  
 and tha  
 rhetoric  
 and arg  
 compet  
 to his  
 excess  
 in his w  
 phuisin  
 his lang  
 often o  
 nevoler  
 princip

Span  
 nez, P  
 manca,  
 tings of



related to individuals among the troops, accompanied them. The commander was warned, by a friend, of the danger of this example, and of the character of the most depraved of his associates: but he neglected the advice, and fell a sacrifice to his imprudence. Several preliminary and separate expeditions are recorded on the Corama and other rivers, before we find the whole force united on the Orellana, about 700 leagues from their point of starting. Here the tragedy commenced, by the assassination of Orsua.

#### WARWICK'S SPARE MINUTES.

"O give me spare men, and spare me great ones."

This reprint of a work of an early period of the 17th century, has, we observe, been induced by a paper in the Retrospective Review, and the consequent inquiries for the original publication. It is very neatly done, and neither discredits the reviewer's judgment in its text, nor the printer's taste in its fashion. Indeed, it is the peculiar character of this periodical, that while its contemporaries are toiling on the trifles of the day, it has the whole field of literature open to it; and should it not bring forward what is excellent, the fault must be in its own want of selection, and not in the want of materials for its subjects. But from the Numbers we have seen of it, we are free to render it the just tribute of being a very agreeable and entertaining miscellany, recalling the memory of books which ought not to be so dimly recollected as they too generally are, and by no means unskillfully directing attention to what are not only pleasing in themselves, but valuable as data on which to contrast the productions of our own times, with those of former ages of English letters.

Of its author little is known, except that he was a clergyman. His style is quaint and fanciful, a perfect chain of antitheses, and not always logical in its forms. Indeed, we think there are about as many *non sequiturs* to his syllogisms, as there are correct conclusions; and that he affords as many examples of the rhetorical figure called *logismus*, as of reason and argument. This arises from the laboured competition of words, which, though peculiar to his era, we never saw carried to greater excess than by this author, who is as inveterate in his way, as George Lilly was with his euphuism. He is nevertheless often forcible in his language, often curious in his illustrations, often original in his thoughts, and always benevolent in his inculcations, and pious in his principles.—*London Literary Gazette*.

*Spanish Literature*.—Don Torribio Nunez, Professor of the University of Salamanca, has collected the various statistical writings of Bentham, and formed them into a re-

gular system of politics: such a one as he conceives to be particularly adapted to the wants of his countrymen at the present juncture. The title of this work, which has already met with great commendation, is *Sistema de la Ciencia Social Ideado por el Jurisconsulto Ingles Jeremias Bentham, y puesto en execucion conforme a los principios del autor original, por el Dr. D. Torribio Nunez, &c.* Marshal De Haro's account of the defence of Girona, *Relacion Historica de la Defensa de Girona*, is a publication that may be consulted with advantage both by the historian and the military tactitioner, and is particularly rich in materials for a narrative of the important events of the late war. Several works have been translated from the English and French: even the Memoirs of Bergami, and the Queen's Trial, have found both translators and publishers. But books of more permanent interest are not overlooked, as is proved by an announcement of a Spanish version of Robertson's Charles V. and of the Principes de la Legislation Universel.

ITALY.—The Lancasterian system has been introduced into many of the principal cities and towns of the Italian Peninsula, such as Naples, Milan, Brescia, Valenza on the Po, Rivoli, &c. and schools on this plan are now actually establishing at both Genoa and Rome.

NEWSPAPERS.—The first newspaper established in England was entitled the "English Mercury," and is dated July 29th, 1588, one of which is preserved in the British Museum. The Gazette was first published at Oxford, August 22d, 1642.

EDINBURGH SCHOOL OF ARTS.—A school of arts has been established in Edinburgh, for the instruction of mechanics in such branches of science as are of practical application in their several trades. Lectures on practical mechanics and practical chemistry will be delivered twice a week, during the winter season. A Library containing books on popular and practical science, has already been established.

THEATRE DE VERSAILLES.—*Le Deluge Universel*, a melodrama in three acts, which bids fair to excite the admiration of all France, is a dramatic treasure. The way in which the ark is managed, is like enchantment: the decorator has carried illusion to the utmost possible point. But what deserves the highest praise, is the scene of the *Deluge*, in the third act. The introduction of choruses blended with the action is a happy idea, and produces a grand effect, and has had extraordinary success.

## Deaths.

At Collon, (Ireland), Rev. DR. BEAUFORT, father of the last wife of the late Mr. Edgeworth. Dr. B. was, nearly 60 years, a benefited and resident clergyman. His name is well known to the public, by his "Civil and Ecclesiastical Map of Ireland," and by the memoir which accompanied that map. Dr. Beaufort was one of those who first proposed a royal Irish Academy, and actively assisted in the formation and in the regulation of that institution. To the establishment and improvement of the Sunday schools in Dublin he contributed essentially, by his personal exertions; and he was one of the original founders of the "Association for the encouragement of Virtue." When he was nearly 83, in the last year of his life, he was occupied in preparing, from a large mass of materials, an improved edition of the memoir accompanying his map.

GREGORY, the pious and venerable patriarch of Constantinople, who fell a victim to the infatuation and revenge of the populace, in the 80th year of his age, was a native of Peloponnesus. He was first consecrated to the Archbishopric of Smyrna, where he left honourable testimonials of his piety and Christian virtues. Translated to the patriarchal throne of Constantinople, he occupied it at three distinct periods; for under the Mussulman despotism was introduced the anti-canonical custom of frequently changing the head of the Greek clergy. During his first patriarchate he had the good fortune to save the Greek Christians from the fury of the Divan, who had it in contemplation to make that people responsible for the French expedition into Egypt. He succeeded in preserving his countrymen from the hatred of the Turks, but he was not the better treated for his interposition: the Turkish government banished him to Mount Athos. Recalled to his see some years after, he was again exposed to great danger in consequence of the war with Russia; and on the appearance of an English fleet off Constantinople, the patriarch was exiled anew to Mount Athos, and once more ascended his throne, on which he terminated his career. He translated and printed in modern Greek, with annotations, the Epistles of the Apostles. He had not taken the least share in the insurrection of the Greeks; he had even pronounced an anathema against the authors of the

rebellion; an anathema dictated indeed by the Musselman's sabres, but granted to prevent the effusion of blood, and the massacre of the Greek Christians.

At Collumpton, (Eng.) — MORTIMER, of voluntary starvation. He had a small property, by which he had been supported for some years; but finding he was likely to outlive it, as it was reduced to about 150*l.*; and feeling the apprehension of want more than the natural love of life, he came to the resolution of ending his days by starvation. To effect this dreadful purpose he took nothing but water for a month before he died; at the end of three weeks his body was wasted to a skeleton, and a medical gentleman was called in, who advised him to take some nourishment, but this he refused, and even discontinued the use of water. In this way he subsisted another week, when nature yielded the contest.

Lately, at his lonely hovel among the hills, 12 miles from Harrisburgh, (Penn.) Mr. — Wilson, who for many years endeavoured to be a solitary recluse from the society of men, except as far as was necessary for his support. His retirement was principally occasioned by the melancholy manner of the death of his sister, by which his reason was partially affected.—She had been condemned to die near Philadelphia, for a crime committed in the hope of concealing her shame from the world; and the day of execution was appointed. In the mean time, her brother used his utmost means to obtain her pardon from the governor. He had succeeded. His horse foamed and bled as he spurred him homeward. But an unpropitious rain had swelled the stream—he was compelled to pace the bank with bursting brain, and gaze upon the rushing waters that threatened to blast his only hope! At the earliest moment that ford was practicable, he dashed through, and arrived at the place of execution just in time to see the last struggles of his sister! This was the fatal blow. He retired to the hills of Dauphin county—assumed a laborious occupation, was very exact in his accounts, but was frequently observed to be estranged, and one morning was found dead by a few of the neighbours, who had left him the evening previous in good health.

NEW-YORK: Published by C. S. Van Winkle, No. 101 Greenwich Street—at 12 cents per number, and one dollar for ten numbers to be delivered where ordered: CASH DOWN in all cases. To be issued about once a week.